

Ghirardelli the Sweet Diesel

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Summary: Duck and Toad meet a new friend at Mr Jolly's Chocolate Factory

Ghirardelli the Sweet Diesel

Author's Note: Leonidas and Ghirardelli are both the names of chocolate companies, neither of which I own. The Oompa Loompas mentioned belong to Roald Dahl, and Ghirardelli the diesel belongs to me. Duck belongs to the Rev. W. Awdry.

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Duck was sent down to Mr Jolly's chocolate factory to go and collect some chocolate to take to Brendam Docks one bright and beautiful day on Sodor.

He had not long been out of the Steamworks after some maintenance repairs to his wheels had been carried out, and the Fat Controller decided to give him the chance to exercise his wheels and coupling rods before heading back to work on the Little Western.

Of course, as it was chocolate which was out in warm conditions waiting for him to take to the docks, the Western engine could not afford to be late. He hurried along.

"We're making considerable progress!" Called the driver.

"Aye," Agreed the fireman. "We should slow down a little. We haven't got much further until we reach Kildane."

Duck could see that for himself. He tooted a hello as he passed Emily, who returned the courtesy in kind.

"I feel great being out here!" He called to his crew. He did have an important job to do, but he still liked being out in the fresh

air.

"We need to press on, Mr Duck!" Toad the brake van called from behind him.

"After all," Duck spoke, with a meaningful tone, "there are two ways of doing things - the Great Western Way or the wrong way-"

"And the Western way is usually the best!" Toad finished with a smile.

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Soon they reached the chocolate factory, but no trucks were there!

"That's strange." Duck said.

"Indeed Mr Duck." Toad agreed. "Where are the trucks?"

As if on cue, some trucks appeared beside them, as if by magic!

"Hm - I wonder if the Oompa Loompas heard us!" His driver joked.

"Nope - just me!" Called a squeaky voice from behind.

It was a small silver diesel! He had freckles on his rectangular face, and he had two name plates on his sides which read 'Ghirardelli' and he had the number '58' underneath. He also had a small blob of chocolate on his nose.

"Hello there you two! I'm Ghirardelli!" The Diesel introduced himself excitedly, and blew his horn in greeting.

"Hello Ghiralldeli- I'm Duck, and the brake van behind me is my friend Toad." The green engine replied calmly, regarding the newcomer. "Begging your pardon, Ghirardelli, but do you work here?" Duck asked.

"Why yes!" The little diesel said, his smile matching his paint work. "My job is to shunt trucks of chocolate out for engines to take to the docks."

"And do you have any friends in there who you work with?" Toad asked him politely.

"Just Leonidas the crane." The little diesel responded. "We were both named after famous chocolate companies!"

"Oh?" Said Duck and Toad in chorus.

"Yes - he was named after a Belgian company, and I after an American one founded by an Italian man. Both companies particularly inspired Mr Jolly when he was a lot younger, and they drove him to success. Do you know an engine named Percy, by any chance? Leonidas and I owe our jobs here to him crashing into the original factory years ago."

Duck remembered that incident. "Yes. In fact, I was the one who helped him after the crash."

"So he's a friend of yours?"

"Yes, he is, Mr Ghirardelli."

"Interesting."

Duck and Toad wanted to talk to their new friend more, but they had to get to Brendam soon before the chocolate melted in the trucks.

"That's okay. I better get going, anyway. Goodbye, and I hope to see you two again!" The Diesel called

"Cheerio!" Duck said, and he whistled goodbye.

"Well, Ghirardelli isn't a bad sort." Duck told Toad as he puffed away towards Brendam Docks.

"I wouldn't mind meeting him again Mr Duck." Toad admitted.

"This is one thing to tell Oliver and the Scottish twins back on the Little Western." The green Great Western engine commented, and the brake van agreed with him on that!

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